

The Sketch.

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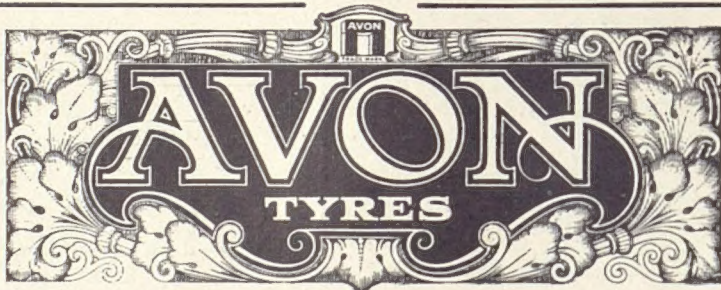
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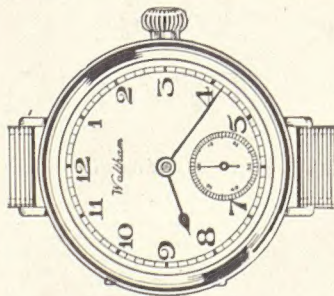
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The Sketch

No. 1172.—Vol. XCI.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 14, 1915.

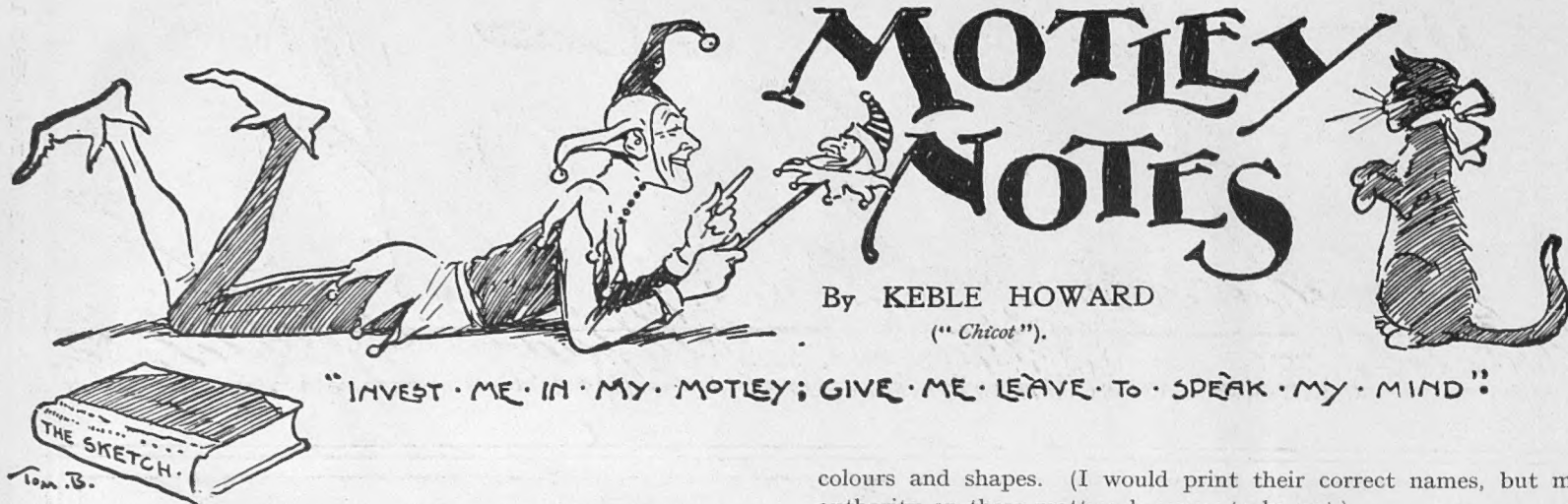
SIXPENCE.



VIVENT LES ALLIÉS! FRANCE'S DAY IN LONDON.

Although the weather was unpropitious on France's Day in London—July 7—for the street collection in aid of the French Red Cross, the helpers in the cause faced the elements bravely, and the result was satisfactory. Our picture shows two French ladies selling their badges in Piccadilly. The French Flag-Day is to-day (July 14).

Photograph by Photopress.



The Pessimistic Press.

Here is a delightfully amusing passage on the Pessimistic Press. I will give you ten guesses, friend the reader, and even then you will not be within hailing distance of the name of the journal in which I discovered this truly humorous paragraph—

"Our early - Victorian ladies were apt at a crisis to say: 'I shall go upstairs and have a good cry.' They felt instinctively that this relief should be obtained in private. We wish our newspaper proprietors could be induced to follow their example, and get it over upstairs instead of in the street and in full view of the neutrals and our Allies."

Nothing could have been better put than that. Nothing could have been gentler, kinder, more delicate. And yet how telling! "They felt instinctively that this relief should be obtained in private." I love the picture of the Pessimistic Proprietors and their Eleutheromaniacal Editors retiring to some lonely, dusty room at the top of the building, and, having carefully closed the door lest the sounds of their anguish should reach the compositors and the other minor people, sobbing out their grief over the shortcomings of Lord Kitchener and the pertinacity of the Germans.

Where did I find it? In that very serious organ—an organ so serious that it has never yet been able to recognise the existence (save in the advertisement columns) of so flippant a creature as myself—the *Spectator*!

Cautious Anonymity.

It is a pity that the *Spectator* still persists in the old-fashioned idea of anonymity. An anonymous article or paragraph loses more than half its weight. I should like to know, for example, who wrote that very nice little paragraph. I wish I had written it myself. As I didn't do so, I have done the next best thing in dragging it from anonymous obscurity and holding it up in this public way to be enjoyed. The Pessimistic Proprietors, being unable to pounce upon the anonymous author, may pounce upon me; but they will pounce in vain. You, friend the reader, representing the great public upon whom the writer, first and last, depends for his reputation and his living, will have discounted in advance their castigations or their boycottings—a form of punishment, this latter, much in favour in some quarters. You will say: "Yes, they slang this chap (or, they ignore this chap) because he puts his name to what he writes, and so they know where to pounce. Let us see this play which they cannot find space to mention, or read this book which is beneath their notice, and judge the thing fairly for ourselves."

That, I believe, is the attitude of the public in these days, and that is why anonymity, a survival of the cautious methods of our grandfathers, is an anachronism.

And, even if it isn't, what matter?

The Blessings of Wealth.

I have never been rich, and I can think of nothing more improbable than that I ever shall be. This seems a pity. There is an atmosphere of peace and serenity in the homes of the very rich to which I shall always, I suppose, be a stranger. When, in less strenuous times, I take my breakfast, for example, it is to the clanging of raucous roses in my cottage-garden, and the jangle of trees in the summer breeze, and the incessant chatter of flowers of various

colours and shapes. (I would print their correct names, but my authority on these matters happens to be out.)

Contrast this wretched breakfast-scene with the breakfast of Mr. Morgan, the American multi-millionaire—

"When Holt abruptly entered the house at the point of the revolver" (in passing, I don't quite see why Holt should have entered the house at the *point* of the revolver. One would have thought, ignorantly, that Holt would enter behind the revolver), "the butler cried: 'Upstairs, Mr. Morgan, upstairs!' in order to warn the banker to retreat by the back stairs while he detained the intruder in the library. Mr. Morgan ascended the back stairs nearest the breakfast-room, and Mrs. Morgan, excusing herself to her guests"—("Pardon me a second. A man is going to try to shoot my husband. I won't be a moment.")—"accompanied him. Meanwhile Holt, with a revolver now in each hand"—you must admit that there was something rather thorough about Holt—"having found the library empty, ran up the front stairs, and confronted Mr. and Mrs. Morgan. Mrs. Morgan, who was nearest, threw herself between the intruder and her husband. Mr. Morgan pushed her aside and leaped upon Holt, who opened fire with both revolvers"—having stupidly left his howitzers at home. "The banker, who was heavier and more athletic, bore him to the floor, while the butler belaboured him with a large piece of coal."

Even the butler was quite accustomed to life in the homes of the very wealthy. My butler, if I had one, would never have belaboured the intruder with a large piece of coal. He would have taken a cheap chair, or his boot, or his fist. Skin grows again over the knuckles, but a large piece of coal is a large piece of coal, and works out at forty-five shillings the ton. That piece of coal might have been smashed to atoms and, for all practical purposes, except killing intruders, wasted. But the butler never thought of that. He went for Holt with a large piece of coal, determined to uphold his master's position to the last.

In the meantime, what were all the guests doing? Did they rush about the breakfast-room, as most of us would have done, sawing the air with fish-knives and fish-forks, pausing every now and again to beat each other in sheer despair? Not a bit of it. Multi-millionaires themselves, they understood perfectly this luxurious life. They counted the shots in a rather bored way, and went on, quietly, with the kedgeriee.

Books for the Wounded.

I cannot remember that I have ever, in all these years, asked you to give anything to anybody for any reason whatsoever. Charitable appeals are not very exhilarating to read, however worthy the cause. I may therefore be excused this once.

Several kind people have banded themselves together with the splendid object of sending books, magazines, periodicals, and newspapers to the wounded soldiers at home and abroad. They call themselves the "War Library," and they live at Surrey House, which is at Marble Arch. Wherever we have wounded men in hospital, from Clapham to Cairo and from Harwich to Heliopolis, these good people pour in a more or less steady stream of light relief for the inevitable dull hours.

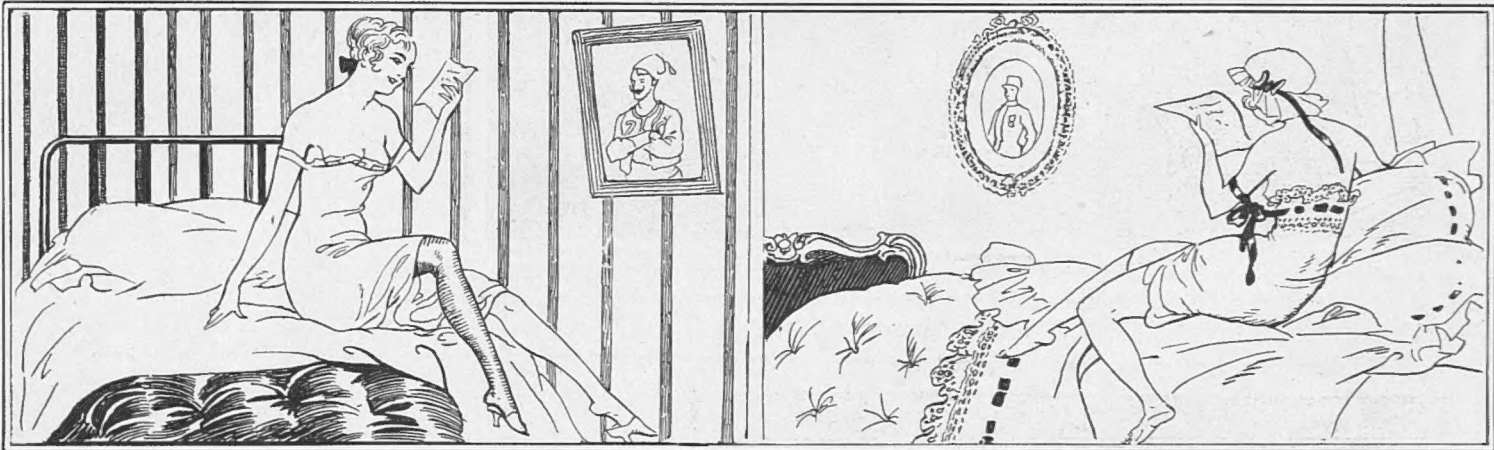
Well, friend the reader, there it is. What do you do with all your *Sketches*? And your *Illustrateds* and your *Illustrated War News*? And your sevenpennies? And your sixpennies? And your magazines? They lie about. Don't let them. Tie them up into a parcel, send them to the address I have mentioned, and the War Library will do the rest.

I now, very meekly, retire once again into the traces.

VANITIES OF VALDÉS: THE POST HOUR IN FRANCE.



NEWS FROM THE FRONT: THE ARRIVAL OF THE POSTMAN.



IN PARIS.



IN THE COUNTRY.



BY THE SEA.

FRANCE'S DAY: BRITISH DATE—JULY 7: THREE QUEENS AND



AN UNIQUE GROUP: QUEEN MARY WITH THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH AND HER FIVE DAUGHTERS.



A ROYAL PARTY: QUEEN MARY (ON RIGHT)



SELLING A FLAG TO LADY DE LISLE AND DUDLEY:
LADY ALICE SCOTT.



IRRESISTIBLE SALESWOMEN: THE LADIES MARY AND SYBIL SCOTT.

It was a happy idea to give an outward and visible sign of our deep respect and admiration for the gallant achievements of our French ally by holding a "France's Day" in London, and equally happy was the decision to make the feature of it a great social function at the London house of one of our great ducal families. On the morning of July 7, a service with special music was held at Westminster Abbey; at noon, the Lord Mayor attended Low Mass at Westminster Cathedral; and in the afternoon there was a garden-party at Montagu House, Whitehall, the town house of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch. Despite occasional showers, the garden-party was a great success, and was honoured by the presence of no fewer than three Queens—their Majesties Queen Mary, Queen Alexandra, and Queen Amélie of Portugal. These Royal ladies, together with the Princess Royal, Princess Christian, Princess Mary, and other members of the Royal family, were received in the saloon by the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, the Duke and Duchess of Somerset, and Lady Paget, and,

LADIES WELL KNOWN IN SOCIETY, AT MONTAGU HOUSE.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA, AND QUEEN AMÉLIE.



SOME STALL-HOLDERS: LADY MARY WARD, LADY PHILIPPS, LADY LISTER-KAYE, LADY DE LISLE AND DUDLEY.



TWO WELL-KNOWN VISITORS: THE DUKE OF SOMERSET AND MR. WILLIAM GILLET—THE DUKE BUYS A ROSE.



A ROYAL ARRIVAL: H.M. QUEEN MARY, ACCOMPANIED BY THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH.

after spending some time in the grounds, assembled on the marble terrace to hear an eloquent address by Lord Curzon, who spoke of the friendship between ourselves and France, steadily growing during the past half-century and expanding into an alliance which rests not merely upon the necessities but upon the deep emotions and convictions of both peoples, which has now been cemented by twelve months of suffering and sacrifice and tears. The results of the "Day" have proved very gratifying from the pecuniary point of view, the French Red Cross funds receiving a very large sum as the result of this interesting and historic effort. We ante-dated the French national "Day," July 14, when our Allies celebrate the fall of the Bastille in 1789, but national enthusiasm was not lacking. In Photograph No. 2 there are shown, in addition to the three Queens, Princess Christian (with whom Queen Alexandra is conversing) Princess Mary, Princess Arthur of Connaught, the Princess Royal, and the Duchess of Somerset.—[Photographs by C.N.]



THE CLUBMAN

LOOKING BACKWARD: THE LEAF-SHAPED KUKRI: THE CHARM OF STYLE.

History the Comforter.

If any of you, my readers, are feeling nervy and pessimistic in consequence of the retirement of the Russian armies before Mackensen and his vast force, I would recommend you to read again, as I have been reading again, the story of Napoleon the First's campaign in Russia in 1812, for that campaign resembles very much the campaign that is now being fought out. It may be soothing if I recall to you some of the principal events of that great march on Moscow which ended so disastrously for the foremost General of the world.

Napoleon's Plans.

Napoleon, in June 1812, deployed what in those days was considered a huge army along the line of the Niemen. Warsaw was in his hands, and his extreme left was at Tilsit. His intention was to cross the Niemen and to fight a decisive battle with the Russians at Vilna. Barclay de Tolly and Prince Bagration were the Generals opposed to him, and neither of them had any pretensions to be a really great commander. Both of them, however—unhampered, as Russian armies always are, by heavy transport—thoroughly understood the great military art of not standing long enough to be surrounded and defeated, and, when Napoleon had disposed his forces to envelop and crush the Russians, he always found that his opponents had made good their retreat.

Borodino.

The Russian Generals left to the French great cities, just as they are doing now, without making a serious fight to retain them, and when the Russian Government learned that Smolensk had been abandoned with scarcely a shot fired, the Tsar sent Marshal Kutusov to take supreme command and to fight one great battle to prevent Moscow falling into the hands of the enemy. That great battle was Borodino, and at the close of that indecisive day Kutusov had lost 38,000 of his Russian soldiers, while the French acknowledged to only 25,000 casualties.

Moscow.

Then Kutusov saw that Barclay and Bagration had been right in their policy of fighting but never standing long enough to be seriously engaged, and he allowed Moscow to be taken, though fire did what Russian valour had failed to do, and turned the French out again into the open country, depriving them of the shelter they so badly needed in which to take up winter quarters. How fiercely the Cossacks hung on the flanks and rear of the French when the retirement commenced, history tells. When a Russian at a recruiting meeting the other day told his listeners that if the Germans and Austrians press forward into Russia, very few of them would ever return again to their own

countries, no doubt he was thinking of that famous rush back from Russia, when Generals January and February fought so valiantly on the Russian side.

The Little Gurkhas.

Sir Ian Hamilton evidently has a soft spot in his heart for the little Gurkhas—as, indeed, has every General who has served in India. His description in despatches of the rage of the little brown men when one of their favourite officers was wounded, the flinging by them of every available bomb at the enemies' trenches, and their rush forward to engage the Turks, using their kukris for the first time in the campaign, brings to the mind of everyone who knows the

little Nepalese hillmen a picture of the fighting at close quarters in which the Gurkhas have always shone. The Turks are good men with the bayonet, but a Turk is no equal to a Gurkha when his blood is up and he has his leaf-shaped kukri in his hand.

Style in Despatches.

Sir Ian Hamilton has a pleasant descriptive style, as anyone who has read any of the books he has written knows. His description of the charge of the Border Regiment, in which he compared them to a pack of hounds, is, I am sure, the simile that came to his mind, as a good sportsman, when he saw from a distance their charge. Most charges to the man who watches, intensely interested, from a distance look very much like a pack of hounds breaking cover. First comes one man, and then a bunch of half-a-dozen, then two or three more, and then the whole pack following the leaders. Sometimes, however, Sir Ian slips into slang, notably when he talks of the Turks who reached the British trenches being "polished off." The phrase is an inelegant one, for there is elegance even in slang.

"Regrettable Incidents."

It is curious to find the Turks in Gallipoli using the phrase "a regrettable incident," which they must have learned from some of the British despatches during the Boer War. What a "regrettable incident"

means to the Turks is very evident from Colonel Rifaat's declaration that he will hold responsible all his officers who do not shoot with their revolvers all privates who try to escape from the trenches. Hassan, the Commander of the 127th Regiment, who made his officers affix their signatures to a declaration that they would carry out these orders, does not seem to be too sure of the steadfastness of the men under him. These orders seem to point to a failure in the moral of the Turkish Army, and, it may be, herald the débâcle of our enemies which will occur sooner or later in the Gallipoli Peninsula.



THE SOUVENIR LUNCH AT THE SAVOY: AUCTIONING THE MOONSTONE—NOT OF WILKIE COLLINS, BUT OF MARIE CORELLI.

The Souvenir Luncheon at the Savoy last Tuesday, in aid of the Three Arts Women's Employment Fund, was a great success. The chief event was an auction of theatrical and artistic souvenirs, collected chiefly by Mrs. Kendal, Mme. Clara Butt, and Sir George Frampton. Our photograph shows the auctioning of a moonstone ring that once belonged to Miss Marie Corelli. From left to right on the auctioneers' balcony are: Miss Constance Collier, Mme. Clara Butt, Miss Elizabeth Asquith, Sir Frederic Cowen, Mr. Gerald Du Maurier, Sir Philip Burne-Jones, and Miss Marie Löhr (with smile).—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

WIFE AND DAUGHTER OF A COUNCILLOR OF EMBASSY.

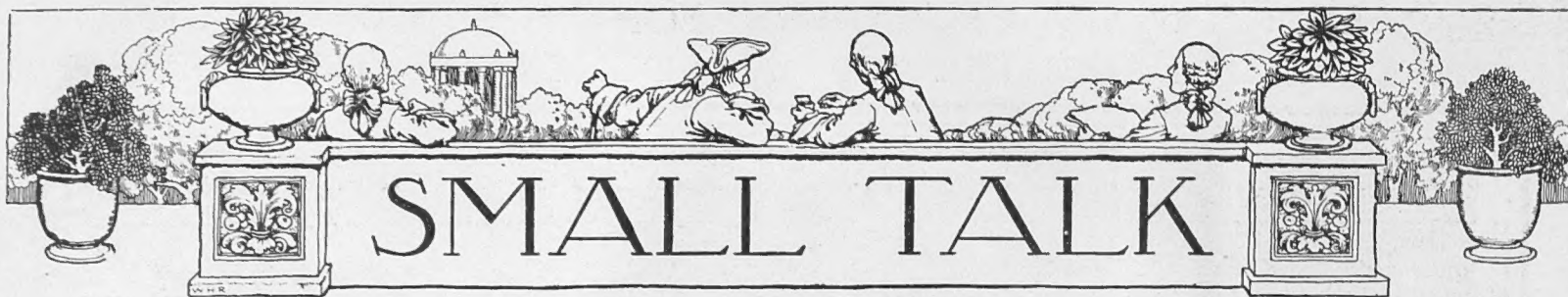


AND ROMOLA : THE HON. MRS. WILLIAM ERSKINE.

Mrs. William Erskine is the wife of the Hon. William Augustus Forbes Erskine, M.V.O., Councillor of Embassy in the Diplomatic Service, Athens, where he is British Delegate on the International Financial Commission. Before her marriage, in 1908,

Mrs. Erskine was Miss Georgie Viola Eleanor Ward, daughter of the late William Humble Dudley Ward, and her little daughter, Cynthia Romola, was born in 1910. The Hon. William Erskine is a brother of the Earl of Mar and Kellie.

Photographs by Rita Martin.



SMALL TALK



ENGAGED TO MAJOR G. C. L. KERANS: MISS JOYCE FIELD HUMPHRIS.

Miss Humphris is the eldest daughter of Captain and Mrs. J. Proctor Humphris, of Mountfield, Kingston Hill. Major C. Kerans, I.M.S., is in the 12th Cavalry Regiment, Indian Army, and is the son of the late Surgeon-Lieut.-Colonel Kerans, of St. Kilda, Birr.

Photograph by Chandler.

Place. But in jest, at least, he was threatened with a different fate. He had been asked in 1887, his mother writes, "to spend some months at Stuttgart as Willy of Würtemberg's guest. Willy has been more than kind about it, and seems quite to look forward to having him under his roof, jokingly calling him 'his adopted son.'"

Mixed Relations. The engagement of "Mrs. Asquith's daughter" is a phrase used by many people who should know better, and even by the Liberal "dailies." Mrs. Asquith, of course, was still Margot Tennant when Violet was born, and remained so for a long time after. When she married the "P.M." in 1894, the daughter of the house was already a girl of years and character who made friends with her step-mother almost upon grown-up terms. The Liberal papers, at any rate, might remember that Mrs. Asquith was still Margot, the young free-lance, when Mr. Gladstone wrote his complimentary verses to her, and that was some years before Mr. Asquith's second marriage.

A Loss in Common.

Miss Violet Asquith's friendship for Mr. Maurice Bonham-Carter is of long standing. Downing Street has been by no means the only link between them. Mr. Bonham-Carter was at Balliol with Archie Gordon, the youngest son of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, who died a few years ago as the result of injuries received some days previously in a motor accident. Both Miss Asquith and Mr. Bonham-Carter were present at the tragic end of a brilliant young life.

Sir Timothy. Miss Mariquita O'Brien, whose engagement to Captain James Price is announced, is the pretty daughter of Sir Timothy and Lady O'Brien. Sir Timothy has the satisfaction, rare to fathers-in-law, of knowing that he was one of the heroes of the chosen young man's boyhood—a hero of Lord's. No more dashing and

daring bat used to stand at the wicket in the great day of the Middlesex Eleven, and there was in Sir Timothy's cricket something more than dash and daring. He possessed a certain swagger wholly endearing in an Irishman who was always genial and humble in the pavilion. It is said that his gallant cricket first won him the approval of the lady who was to become his wife. She, too, had cricket on her side, for she is a daughter of Sir Humphrey de Trafford, and related to the famous batsman of that name.

The Asquith Way. Some people have seen in Miss Asquith one of the Government's minor embarrassments, and the "P.M." is chaffingly congratulated on the approach of the epoch when she will make her speeches under another name. Such people misjudge the character and standards of the Asquith household. It is the home of free speech, and Mrs. Asquith herself has set no example in reticence. Her *mots* were always famous for destructive brilliance; she has written reviews for the *Pall Mall* and letters to the *Times*, and though her own book was, it is true, privately printed, she has always spoken to her immediate audience with complete frankness. In this her step-daughter is not unlike her. The main difference, a friend has said, between the two is that the younger woman takes life more seriously.

General Hunter-Weston.

The man who, in Sir Ian Hamilton's words, was "ever more cheerful as the outlook (on occasion) grew blacker" is well known in London. Being accustomed to all the pleasanter ways and means of life, it is the more to his credit that the evil chance does not perturb him. At Hurlingham or at the Automobile Club his reputation is that of a very pleasant gentleman who has sufficient backbone to go on from a polo-match or a mixed luncheon-party to talk the talk of the elders at the Athenæum. He is an all-round man with much good work and a multitude of friends to his credit; but it is probable that no distinction he has won in the past pleases him quite so much as the compliment paid him the other day by his new chief in the Dardanelles.

Lady Huntingdon's Field-Day. Lady Huntingdon, who is manager-in-chief of this week's *matinée* for the new base hospital at Etaples, has been backed by a strong staff, including Mrs. Asquith, Lady Kilmorey, Lady Limerick, and Lady Leconfield. She has, besides, a big backing of less accessible county people. Lady Huntingdon's husband has been Master of at least three packs of hounds, which means an exceptionally fine field to work upon when it comes to calling up a meet for a hospital *matinée*.



ENGAGED TO MR. HAROLD K. ELLISON: MISS NINA KATHLEEN GORST.

Miss Gorst is the daughter of Mr. Harold E. Gorst, the well-known journalist, and of Mrs. Harold Gorst, the author of a number of clever novels. Mr. Ellison is the son of the late Dr. F. W. Ellison, J.P., and is in charge of the Intelligence Department at the Australian Government Offices in London.

Photograph by C. Vandyk.



MRS. Æ. F. Q. PERKINS (FORMERLY MISS DOROTHY C. M. MARTIN TOMSON), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK.

The bride, whose marriage took place on July 10, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, to Lieutenant Æneas F. Q. Perkins, of the Royal Engineers, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Tomson, of Court Stairs, St. Lawrence, near Ramsgate. The wedding was very quiet, owing to the war.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.



MARRIED TO MISS DOROTHY C. M. MARTIN TOMSON: LIEUTENANT ÆNEAS F. Q. PERKINS.

Lieutenant Æneas Francis Quinton Perkins is in the Royal Engineers, and is the only son of Lieutenant-Colonel A. Ernest Perkins, R.A., and Mrs. Perkins.

Photo. by London Stereo. Co.



FOR THE FRONT: THE HON. CHARLES MELTON ASTLEY.

Mr. Charles Melton Astley is the second brother of Lord Hastings, and has just left to join his regiment, the Northumberland Yeomanry, for foreign service.

Photograph by Sarony.

LAWN-TENNIS CRUSADERS FOR THE RED CROSS.



PAIRED WITH MRS. COLSTON:
MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL.



LADY CHAMPION AND PARTNER: MRS. LAMBERT CHAMBERS
(LEFT), LADY PORTARLINGTON (RIGHT), AND MRS. TUCKEY.



LADY VICTORIA PRIMROSE,
A CLEVER PLAYER.



PRESENTER OF BRONZE MEDALS: GRAND DUKE MICHAEL AND HIS
DAUGHTERS, COUNTESS ZIA TORBY (LEFT) AND COUNTESS NADA TORBY.



AN ANGLO-RUSSIAN ALLIANCE: HON. BRIDGET COLEBROOKE (LEFT),
DAUGHTER OF LORD COLEBROOKE, AND COUNTESS NADA TORBY.

The Red Cross sports fête at Ranelagh last week included a lawn-tennis tournament on the hard courts, played on the American system in two sections. Each pair was composed of a famous lady lawn-tennis player and a well-known leader of Society. Mrs. Lambert Chambers, the Lady Champion, and Lady Portarlington were the winners in one section, but were beaten in the final by the winners of the other, Lady Crosfield

and Miss Elliadi. Among the other pairs were: Mrs. Sterry and Countess Nada Torby, Mrs. Satterthwaite and Countess Zia Torby, Mrs. Colston and Mrs. Winston Churchill, Mrs. Tuckey and Lady Victoria Primrose, the bride of the recent Rosebery-Derby wedding. After the fête, which included golf and croquet, the Grand Duke Michael presented a bronze medal to each competitor as a token of thanks from the joint War Committee.

Kodak snapshots by Malcolm Arbuthnot.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

IN the gay crowd at the Savoy for the Three Arts' Luncheon was one sombre figure—that of a short, foreign, pale-faced man with a beard as black as his own funereal frock-coat. He was, however, a chief centre of interest. "Is that the Duke?" asked an outsider, who had been told that one of the ladies in attendance was the Duchess of Rutland. "No; it's Mestrovic," came the answer.

More Savoyards.

The Duke was, as it happens, also of the party; but his inches are many more than Mestrovic's, and his eye-glass and tailoring unthinkable as belongings of the sculptor. At the Duke's table was Mrs. Ralph Peto, very pretty, and very full of the South Kensington Exhibition. She seemed to be again in the good spirits which are generally hers, but which for some time were abated in consequence of

ENGAGED TO MISS MARIQUITA O'BRIEN: CAPTAIN JAMES PRICE.

Captain Price is in the Royal Regiment of Artillery. Miss O'Brien is the second daughter of Sir Timothy O'Brien, third Baronet, of Grange-William, Maynooth, Co. Kildare, and Lohort Castle, Mallow, Co. Cork.

Photograph by Swaine.

anxiety about her husband's injuries at the front.

Cures Later On.

The Duchess of Marlborough and Mrs. Pankhurst—who were a little shy, for the Duchess's sake, of much meeting in the old days of law-breaking and hunger-striking—were both in Harrogate last week. Other visitors were Lady Manvers and Lady Alice Pierrepont; but London has been too interesting so far to leave for the sake of a "cure." Harrogate is very full, but will be still fuller when such things as Savoy sales and Ranelagh tennis tournaments are less frequent. The list of "Society Fixtures" is lamentably

curtailed this season by war absentees and mourning, but the ball is kept rolling with such spasmodic energy as is possible in these days of universal anxiety and worry.

The Ranelagh Ladies.

The Ranelagh tennis went extremely well, though many arms and knees and shoulders were stiff the next day from unaccustomed exercise. Countess Zia and Countess Nada Torby generally have a good deal of tennis on the Riviera to keep them in form between the English seasons; and some players went in for a set at Ranelagh without any previous practice this year. Lady Drogheda, however, seemed to be as clever and competent as ever; and Lady Victoria Primrose, Lady Portarlington, and Lady Anglesey were all more or less successful, and all interesting to



MARRIED TO LIEUT. H. HOWARTH: MISS MURIEL HUMPHRIES.

Miss Humphries, who was married to Lieutenant H. Howarth on July 8, is the daughter of the well-known sporting journalist. Lieut. Howarth is in the King's Own (Royal Lancaster Regiment).

Photograph by Swaine.



ENGAGED TO SECOND-LIEUT. CORRIS W. EVANS: MISS PHILLYS VERE BOWEN CAMPBELL.

Miss Campbell is the only sister of Miss "Marjorie Bowen," the well-known novelist, and is an artist of marked imaginative gifts. Second-Lieut. Evans is in the Bedfordshire Regiment, and is the son of Mr. William Evans, C.B., late of the Board of Trade.

Photograph by Bassano.

watch. Faults may have been rather more plentiful than usual, but nobody was accused of being "stale." Play was very lively, and the players very pretty.

Lord Rosebery's Morning.

Lord Rosebery, staying in Bath last week, varied the dull pursuit of health by a search for literary rarities. He spent a whole morning in the midst of the somewhat dusty but very interesting stock of the principal bookseller, and made business brisk for the day. Although Lord Rosebery is a keen collector, he does not feel inclined to give much time just now to his hobby; but on a heavy-in-hand morning in Bath the temptation of the Open Shelf a few yards from his hotel was not to be resisted.

Two in Family.

Lord Rosebery the book-collector has an able lieutenant in his son-in-law, the Marquess of Crewe. Their interests dovetail very conveniently, and many a "find" has been transferred from one to the other. In ordinary years Lord Crewe is quite a large buyer; he advertises his fancy for collecting among his "Recreations" in "Who's Who," and, in consequence, receives all the second-hand catalogues that are published in the United Kingdom, and a good many from America besides. But he, too, is holding his hand, and has not even had opportunity for a hunt on the quiet in a provincial town.

The Commissionaires.

Just now Oxford Street is dense with shoppers, and especially dense where two damsels have taken the place of commissionaires between Orchard Street and Duke Street. Being tall, they manage to ignore the average starrer by looking just

a little over his head, and they appear oblivious of everything save the call of duty—which generally resolves itself into the calling of cabs. "A taxi, please," said a youth who could find no other way of excusing himself for looking rather too long at one of these young women; but when the door was opened for him and he had to give an address he remembered that he wanted to go nowhere in particular, unless to see the second commissionaire forty yards further on. "Just to the next entrance, please," he stammered; and when he got there was handed out by the other Diana of the kerbstone. The "gilded youth" is obviously, and unfortunately, not yet extinct.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN JAMES PRICE: MISS MARIQUITA W. A. O'BRIEN.

Miss O'Brien's mother is a sister of Sir Humphrey de Trafford, of Hill Crest, Market Harborough.

Photograph by Swaine.



MRS. R. F. VEASEY (FORMERLY MISS EVA JESSER-COOPER), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK.

The bride, whose marriage took place on July 7, is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Jesser-Cooper, of Howbery, Welwyn. Lieut.-Com. R. F. Veasey, R.N., is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Veasey, of Oxted, Surrey.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



ENGAGED TO MR. RICHARD MONTAGUE WOOTTEN: MISS VERA WORMALD.

Miss Wormald is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Wormald. Mr. Wootten whose engagement to Miss Vera Wormald is announced, is the eldest son of the late Mr. Montague Wootten Wootten, of Headington, Oxon.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

VERY NEAR THE TRUTH!



WHAT WE SHALL EXPECT — AFTER SEEING THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF ITALIAN CAVALRY.

Much impressed by the photographs of the Italian cavalry's remarkable feats of horsemanship, our Artist depicts the kind of thing we may reasonably expect to see.

DRAWN BY ALFRED LRETR.



MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

BORN in New York forty-eight years ago, Mr. Morgan spent the first half of his life in the shade. In the nature of things, it was cast by his father. Nobody, of course, realised the disadvantages of being Pierpont Morgan's son except the son himself, and even he does not contend that he would have had more light and air, and heirlooms, had he lived in a slum, the child of a small man and poor. But he was constantly made aware of the restrictions of his position. While all American finance ended in Pierpont Morgan senior, Pierpont Morgan junior was regarded as a means to the end. He learned what it feels like to be a stepping-stone.

Son Strokes. At the time of his birth the name was already a great one in finance, and he was only a few years old when his father became a member of Drexel, Morgan, and Co. (afterwards J. P. Morgan and Co.), the leading private bankers in the States. By the time he left Harvard everybody was in a hurry to make friends. They tried to jump him on to boards and into directorships; his advice was asked long before he had any to give—and all because he was supposed to be on reasonably good terms with the silent and unapproachable personage in Madison Square.

Six-Foot-Two. At Harvard he had established himself on his own merits. A youth of great strength, he was very swift and agile before he broadened in proportion to his great height. For a period, too, Society got hold of him. That was after Harvard, and before he came to London for the first time. He had pedigree and the approval of the Four Hundred. He not only had a father, but a grandfather, and a great-grandfather. A Morgan in that respect is almost as reputable as a Peabody. The family portraits show a line of men of substance and refinement; and even the taste and *flair* for collecting were inherited. Hung in the innermost chamber of the Morgan treasure-house was a picture of the young man's grandfather, a dilettante as well as a banker.

The Unfortunate Relationship. A year after graduating young Morgan married Miss Grew. Thus it happened that his father was able, not long after, to make friends with grandchildren. A favourite vase, a favourite spaniel, and a favourite grand-daughter may be counted among the things that helped to distract the great man's attention from his son. But the thing which above all others made the young man's position difficult was the anxiety of many plotters to get at Morgan senior through Morgan junior. To try to get at Pierpont Morgan meant, inevitably, a slamming of doors. Persuasion he had no use for. It made him tired. But he was too observant to overlook John's merits: he could not fail to see them, despite what Barrie calls the "unfortunate relationship." He put aside a father's natural prejudices, and sent him to learn the business, not in another house, but in the London branch of his own.

England and Germany.

The connection with London is deep-rooted. It can be traced back for at least four generations, and has grown with each. Pierpont Morgan senior had, besides his dwelling in Madison Square, his Egyptian house in the desert, his yacht as big as a small battle-ship, his shanty at Newport, two favourite places in England—at Roehampton and at 13, Prince's Gate. As time went on the son established himself in Grosvenor Square, and one or the other was always on this side of the Atlantic. Mrs. Burns, the devoted aunt of the present head of the family, was the constant companion of her

brother, and she, too, had closest ties with London. The marriage of her daughter to Mr. "Lulu" Harcourt may be taken as an expression of the personal sympathy that has always been behind the business transactions of the Morgans with England. We remember that the first thing to catch the eye in the famous family library in New York was a bust of the Kaiser, given by himself. A marble bust is a fitting emblem of the terms upon which the Emperor and the financier met. Those terms were friendly, but there was no life in them. Real warmth and blood (and Mr. Morgan shed some of it the other day) were kept for the relationship with England.



WOUNDED BY THE MAN HOLT: MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN, AGENT FOR THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT IN THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan (who was shot at and wounded by the man Frank Holt, who has committed suicide, and is believed to have been identical with a German Professor, named Erich Munter, who disappeared from Harvard in 1906) is the British Government's agent in the United States for the purchase of supplies and war material. He is the son of the famous financier who died in 1913. He was born in New York in 1867, and, in 1890, married Miss Jane Norton Grew. He has a house at 12, Grosvenor Square, and a place at Wall Hall, Watford, Herts.—[Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.]

people who gained or lost from the inflexible promptness of his decisions.

Still Top.

At the beginning of last year he showed the strength of his hand by resigning his directorships in many of the leading industrial combinations of the States. It is the sort of thing a Morgan can do, without, by some miracle, weakening his position. Congress had been making inquiries into the "money monopoly," and had been finding that about five thousand million worth of assets were in the control of less than two hundred capitalists, and that the house of Morgan was represented on thirty-nine corporations with capital of about two thousand millions. But while the market guessed at great meanings behind Mr. Morgan's resignation, he explained it away by saying that it was merely a matter of personal convenience!

"Yes or No Man." It was only by personal

achievement that Mr. Morgan won the entire confidence of his father. A successful coup in the Panama deal at last convinced the elder man, long after other people knew it, that there was the proper stuff in the natural successor to his properties and business. Though the private workings of the house were always somewhat obscure, it came to be understood that the son was the approved under-study of the father. But even then it needed character of quite exceptional force to assert itself alongside the dominating personality of the chief. To those who came actually into contact with him his soundness and swiftness of judgment were hardly less impressive than his father's. The "yes or no man" came to be his nickname among

FATTED CALF: WAR PRICE.



THE SON: Farver, your prodigal son's come 'ome.

HIS FATHER: Oh, 'as 'e! Then 'e can go back until veal's less than two-an'-six a pound!

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.



By CARMEN OF COCKAYNE.

Hunting the Bargain.

approved jests about the follies of the woman bargain-hunter. Perhaps there swarmed to bish, as the hand coffins their "coming



Thus be-collared and sashed, even a last summer's frock may hold its own.

numerals drawing attention to the startling difference between the new price and the old. With Mr. Asquith's insistent call to thrift in our ears, a visit to the sales becomes a patriotic duty for every woman who wants new clothes at a small outlay. There is no doubt about the genuineness of reductions. A Paris model once unattainable at less than forty guineas can be had for six-and-a-half, and the millinery salons teem with a rich harvest of "bargains," dainty and fresh and fascinating: Foam-like piles of chiffon and lace call irresistibly from the department devoted to lingerie, and it is difficult indeed to ignore the temptation of the thousand-and-one et ceteras which mean so much to every woman with notions on dress. Of course, these are stern times, and the obliteration of all the usual features of the season—Henley, Cowes, Goodwood, and the rest—has had its influence on the sales. But, war or no war, frumpishness is a crime, and with holidays and country visits ahead the calls of the wardrobe cannot be neglected. The main point about the sales this year is the enormous variety of choice. You may look like your great-grandmother and yet are in the height of fashion. Your gown may consist of frills of finest *broderie anglaise*. Good, you are still fashionable. You wear simple spotted or striped cotton material, and again you are thoroughly up to date.

A Charming Lingerie Gown.

category, and are

The jaded professional humourist always brightens up as the season for the sales approaches, and begins to work off his most exigent notions will, if she is sensible, not disregard the allurements of the great shops during the period of "sacrificial bargains." Only the crank to whom digitated stockings and shapeless outlines represent the highest in dress can afford to ignore London's great summer Saturnalia, now in full swing.

War Investments in Clothes.

provide ample opportunity for profitable investment has been more than justified. The great plate-glass windows, usually gorgeously disdainful of giving any sordid hint of price, are now fiery with placards painted in flaming red

The hint given a week or two back that the sales this year would



"Their billowy flounces and swirling gathers suggest the uncontrolled freedom of the ocean; their gay stripes and spots will provide an oasis of colour in the usual Sahara-like surroundings of the average sea-front." Lingerie gowns as seen at Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver.

costume department of Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver in Regent Street, where the infinite variety of the lingerie gown can be seen to the best advantage. Spotted or checked, with challenging stripe or arresting floral design, in muslin or voile, linen or washing crêpe, they are a standing temptation to the woman who has patiently waited until now to fill up the gaps in her wardrobe. Besides, they are eminently adapted for seaside wear. Their billowy flounces and swirling gathers suggest the uncontrolled freedom of the ocean; their gay stripes and spots will provide an oasis of colour in the usual Sahara-like surroundings of the average sea-front. The spotted model depicted here is carried out in white washing crêpe spotted with blue. The deep hip yoke supports a pleated skirt, and the wide belt is of dark-blue satin ribbon, as is also the becoming band encircling the ruffle-like collar of organdy muslin. The striped frock is also charming, with the real fob pockets on the belt, with its waistcoat-like ends. And as an appropriate finish there is the shady hat and flower-trimmed parasol. As regards hats there are really only two kinds from which to choose this year—the very small or the very large. The medium is merely a compromise, and, like all compromises, unsatisfactory. Size and simplicity sums up the golden rule for millinery.

Sketched with this shady hat is a rose-edged parasol of great fascination.

You must either be perfectly frank about your face or shade it in mystery. Half-measures will not do.

The Seductive Tailor-Made.

The tailor-mades—without one at least of which no outfit is complete—are very alluring. The short skirt, with its exaggerations curtailed, is a perfect opportunity for tailoring genius. Neat, becoming, and economical, it has points in its favour which no woman can afford to neglect. Properly cut—that is, flat in front with the requisite flare at either side—it is a positive boon to people of limited inches, and the woman who owns a skirt like this, topped by one of the short bolero-like coats, need have no fears for her appearance.

The Shocking Stocking.

With short skirts, stockings assume an important part. The point of the stocking is that it should be shocking—pleasantly so, of course. That is, it should give a positive impression, and leave the pretty ankle no chance to languish in obscurity. Our insteps even respond to the patriotic impulses of the moment, for a common device is to show the Allied flags in emphatic embroidery. Or maybe there is a frivolous squirrel, or a gaily painted butterfly, natural coloured flowers, or some other design, riveting attention on the borderland between the shoe and the skirt. The foot may be barely veiled with real lace, and another form is laced up on both sides with black silk ribbon, showing gleams of flesh that would have been insupportable to our grandmothers. Boots and shoes must, of course, be chosen with circumspection. They make or mar the appearance in the last resort. The short toe is still popular, in view of its usefulness in toning down a possibly too generous allowance of foot inches. Nothing more repays attention than fancy shoe-leather, among which, perhaps, the most eccentrically effective is the boot which laces at either side and is finished with "folly" tassels.

German Breaches of the Hague Convention.



V.—BORING A BRITISH SENTRY TO DEATH IN MOST INHUMANE MANNER.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

A SILVER BULLETIN.



THE COOK: 'Ere's that there McKenna askin' fer 'undreds of million quids.
HIS PAL: Well, look at ther persition 'e 'as ter keep up.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



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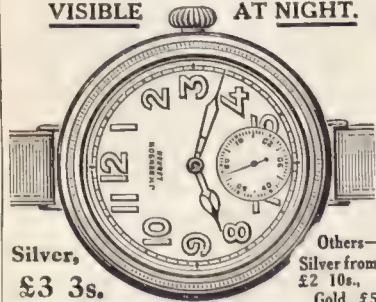
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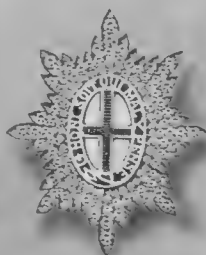
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WOMAN'S WAYS

War Silhouettes. You cannot, in these days, poke your nose out of doors without seeing a new, startling, and diverting War Silhouette. The latest addition to these is the highly intellectual Oxford man, beautifully dressed in grey tweed, and, of course, bareheaded, who is driving a motor-'bus in Oxford Street. He is aristocratic in appearance, entirely alert and skilful, and clutches his wheel with fierce intent. If he were in Oxford, this same young man would be deplorably shabby and careless in his dress; in Oxford Street, performing the patriotic duty of taking a driver's place, he is as smart as London tailors and barbers can turn a Briton out, and that, to be sure, is saying a good deal. No doubt we shall see many more of these voluntary chauffeurs, clothed in Savile Row, since drivers and mechanics should all be "somewhere in France." The other day, too, I encountered a polite 'bus-conductor, which sounds like a paradox in a light comedy, but this official was also a young gentleman, in gold spectacles, of mild and conciliatory (not to say ingratiating) manners. So surprised were the passengers at not being bullied, hectored, and trampled on, that the world suddenly wore a fairer aspect, care and worry were wafted away, and the advent of the Golden Age seemed at hand. Perhaps, after the war, or because of the war, we may know what it is to be treated with ordinary civility when paying for seats or standing-room in motor-buses, and not, as is usually the case to-day, like prisoners in a concentration-camp in Germany.

The Ammunition-Lady. Another pleasing War Silhouette.

is that of the Ammunition-Lady—usually of high rank and fashion, but tremendously intent, at present, on helping to kill as many Germans as possible. It is no joking matter, what she is cheerfully undertaking to do. First, she must betake herself to Erith, or some such fabulous spot, there to live in lodgings, while she undergoes a severe three-weeks' training in munition-making. If she is skilful at the end of her novitiate, she will be taken on as a worker, though many are offering to fill the places, at week-ends, of girls and women who require a rest, so that the machines can be kept going every day, and every minute, of the week. The hours are long, for work begins at 7 a.m.—which means getting up at 6—and continues, with short intervals for meals, till 6 in the evening. This régime would be excellent for some of our neurasthenics and imaginary invalids, but, unfortunately, they do not belong to the enthusiastic class which will make up the women's volunteer munition corps, nor would any other occupation be interesting to them, save that of "enjoying delicate health."

"Mais, Faites-le, Madame!" A friend who was Voluntary Red Cross nurse in one of the big French hospitals on the Riviera, working under one of the greatest of French surgeons, tells me of the encouragement she received, instead of the snubbing so often administered by our own medicals. If she offered, diffidently, to do some service for a patient, she would receive the reply from this famous surgeon: "Mais faites-le, Madame!" and this with an air of the greatest respect and encouragement. Is it too much to ask that our authorities will give a similar lead to thousands of ladies waiting to help? Opposition and underpaid work have, up to now, been considered suitable treatment for British females who—somewhat preposterously—demanded to work for the war. The Frenchwoman, thanks to her capabilities, is taken much more seriously.

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON,

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

British Counter-Espionage.

So much has been written of late as to Germany's system of spying, its ramifications and its Stieberish efficiency, that it is well to recall that there is such a thing as counter-espionage, practised by all countries, and by this country particularly well. Our Secret Service grant is small—less than £40,000 a year—compared with Germany's million or so, Russia's half-a-million, and France's £200,000 or less. Allowed that these figures do not represent the actual expenditure, they remain useful: any additions are doubtless in the same proportion. Our grant is small, true; but the results attained are excellent.

Even the "Incendiary Points."

In the earliest stages of the Great War it became obvious that those whose duty it is to be on the watch for us had not been asleep. Witness the ease and rapidity with which the authorities rounded up over 14,000 German and Austrian potential spies within a few weeks, giving the enemy an illuminating shock. Further: "A well-known authority on such matters at the Home Office informed the writer in September 1914 that even the so-called

'incendiary points'—that is to say, localities which had been marked out as suitable for the setting fire to houses, in the event of aerial raids on London—were being gradually and completely scheduled by vigilant officers of our Secret Service."

The Reply to Germany. As far back as 1911 it

was recognised that the Germans were making great efforts to establish a system of espionage in this country. The counter-stroke was the establishment of a Special Intelligence Department by the Admiralty and the War Office, which acts in the closest co-operation with the Home Office and the Metropolitan and other police forces. Three years sufficed to unravel the enemy skein, and very little valuable information had been caught in it. At the outbreak of hostilities, therefore, plans were ready; and there

are now in being, as additions to the general service, the Cable Censorship, the Postal Censorship, the Press Censorship, and the rules prohibiting, for example, the possession of wireless apparatus, the use of signalling devices and carrier-pigeons, internment, the passport precautions, and other means it is not wise to specify.

No Signs of Conspiring.

For the general comfort, let us recall by quotation a recent Home Office announcement: "Another matter which has engaged the closest attention of the police has been the possibility of conspiracies to commit outrage. No trace whatever has been discovered of any such conspiracy, and no outrage of any sort has yet been committed by any alien—not even telegraph-wires having been maliciously cut since the beginning of the war." Yet there always have been, and always will be, spies. "In the very earliest stages of the world, espionage must have been an entirely necessary condition of the struggle for existence among the infra-men who then peopled the caves of the earth, and who succeeded in successfully surviving only by virtue of predatory acts and excursions in which the spoils and the plunder went to the strongest, who had also made themselves the best-informed as to sources of supply."—Mr. Grant's story of espionage, its systems and exponents, is as fascinating as it is thorough.

"Spies and Secret Service: The Story of Espionage, its Main Systems and Chief Exponents." By Hamil Grant. (Grant Richards' 7s. 6d. net.



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as a

Summer Drink is deservedly popular, but is often badly prepared. It should be made from

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Recipe by Mr. H. HAMMOND, M.C.A. (Chef de Cuisine, Thatched House Club): Put the outside peel of two lemons into two quarts of water, add eight lumps of sugar, and boil for ten minutes. To this add two dessert-spoonfuls of Robinson's "Patent" Barley, previously mixed to a smooth paste with a little cold water. Continue to boil for five minutes and allow to cool. When cold, strain off through fine muslin and add ice and lemon juice to taste.

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Magnificent Full-size BILLIARD TABLE by Stevenson, £45;
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The very elegant Drawing-room Furniture in styles of Louis XIV., and Louis Seize, comprising carved and gilt settees, cabinets, tables, mirrors, etc., white enamelled and richly carved furniture, also painted satinwood, and marqueterie inlaid. The following will suffice to give an idea of the absurdly low prices to be accepted—

Elaborately carved and gilt Louis Seize design Suite of seven pieces, including settee, 12 gs., complete; the satinwood decorated china cabinet, 4 ft. 6 in. wide, £14 14s.; satinwood decorated centre table, £2 10s.; satinwood decorated overmantel, £3 10s.; costly satinwood decorated suite, covered with choice brocade Gobelin blue silk, £16 16s.

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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Holidays Required. There is not a bit of need to make the elaborate apologies that are so constantly offered for taking a holiday this year. The truth is that most people stand very badly in need of one. Last year war stopped almost all holidays, arrangements that had been made were cancelled, and hardly any worker had a holiday at all. Since then everyone has had more or less of strain, anxiety, and suffering; it won't do anyone a bit of good to get ill, so why not put the right complexion on the matter and confess to the need of a holiday and the determination to take it? There is neither man, woman, nor child in these islands who would give up urgent work in this crisis, but even urgent work will not get done if the human element breaks down, so let us not be ashamed of wanting a holiday and intending to take one.

Two Cousins for the Ducal Bench. All going well, there will be, in the far future, two charming Duchess first-cousins. One is now Countess Percy, the other is prospective Marchioness of Titchfield. One is tall and fair and blue-eyed; the other not so tall, but also fair-haired and blue-eyed. Both are very pretty, and have the same natural, sportswomanlike tastes. Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox has spent several weeks each autumn at Langwell with the Duke and Duchess of Portland, and was often playing golf on the links at Brora; she is a skilled angler and a good horsewoman. Her marriage will be in the Household of Queen Alexandra, for Lord Titchfield's mother is her Majesty's Mistress of the Robes; and Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox is Maid-of-Honour to Queen Alexandra, and is honoured by the friendship of Princess Victoria.

Where Modern Cinderellas Find Their Shoes. Although of fabric more comfortable and practical than glass, Elesco shoes, sold at Elesco House, New Bond Street, are quite fit for Princesses, and the house is luxurious as a palace. It contains the most sumptuous and artistically appointed

boot and shoe salons in the world. So charming and refined are these rooms that the *Architects' and Builders' Journal* sought permission to reproduce a view of them as a model of architectural and artistic excellence. Beautiful as this interior is—only a visit will prove how beautiful—it is only a fitting frame for shoes as absolutely excellent, models to the making of which the very first talent in the boot and shoe business has been devoted. Under the older name of the London Shoe Company, this Elesco foot-wear rose to fame such as warrants the truly tasteful and luxurious premises now devoted to its sale in our smartest West-End thoroughfare. Now boots and shoes are of supreme importance in dress, so that too much attention cannot be devoted to them. A new catalogue which has just been issued will be sent on application, and will give some idea of variety of models and moderation of price. The atmosphere of the establishment and its contents is one of refinement and mental and physical ease. The London Shoe Company have exceptionally fine opportunities at Elesco House, and have there a stock of great variety and beauty, never greater than it is to-day.

The Drink of the Day

Is iced coffee: there is nothing more stimulating, refreshing, and delicious, if it be well made. Milkmaid Brand Café-au-Lait is the thing to make it with. It must be mixed with boiling water and allowed to become cold, then drop in a little lemon-juice and serve in a jug with crushed ice all round; or it can be cooled quicker in a freezer; cream added is, of course, an improvement, although the M.B. Café-au-Lait is rich and delicious without it. It is equally successful for making hot coffee for breakfast; it has the flavour of that which we remember affectionately in connection with the Paris boulevards. It is made with freshly roasted, finest coffee, with sugar added, and it needs only the boiling water. A sample tin of Milkmaid Brand Café-au-Lait can be obtained by sending your grocer's name and address, with two penny stamps, to Milkmaid Brand, C.P. Depot, Eastcheap, E.C. Soldier friends at the front say that tins of M.B. Café-au-Lait are the pick of their parcels!

Hymen in Politics.

There are to be political weddings as well as war weddings; that of Miss Violet Asquith, elder of the Prime Minister's two daughters, to Mr. Maurice Bonham Carter, her father's private secretary, will be one of great interest. The lady is well known and has many friends. One of the things she will not be worst off for is brothers-in-law. Mr. Maurice Bonham Carter has eight brothers. There were eleven sons, of whom he is the youngest, but two died. The family belongs to Portsmouth; the bridegroom-elect's grandfather was Member for Portsmouth from 1816 to 1838.

For Healing and Cooling

There are few things more valuable than Crème Simon. We women know this, but what we fail to realise is that it is a gift that men at the front greatly esteem, and a tube of it put up in their parcels is a real boon to them. They are roughing it, and constantly encountering minor accidents, and for these nothing is more healing and soothing. We know it to be the last word in scientific skin-feeding and beauty-keeping products. It softens, makes velvety, and removes chaps, redness, irritation, and pimples like magic. It is a real tonic at the base, and is quite pure—a preparation, in fact, which has every desirable quality as a preservative and as a cure for skin abrasions and defects.

Nursing in Alexandria.

There is a shortage of nurses and of hospital supplies in Alexandria, where there are thousands of our officers and men wounded in the Dardanelles. Preparations for the reception of the first patients proved quite inadequate to the number sent. This has been improved, but much more is still required for their comfort and adequate medical and surgical care. Lady Henry Cavendish Bentinck is out there, and has a convalescent home at St. Stephano for twenty patients, in which she works busily; the numbers there are, however, very great, and are the worst cases, as it is the nearest place to the actual fighting where the wounded can be sent. More hospital-ships are being supplied.



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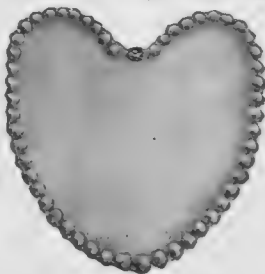


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THE WHEEL AND THE WING

A GROWING DIFFICULTY: THE NEAREST WAY: AN HOTEL GRIEVANCE.

A Problem to Be Solved.

How to cope with bad roads is undoubtedly the problem of the day, and the necessity for discovering a solution thereof will, of course, increase as time goes on. In any district adjoining large military encampments, and on main routes which lead from towns from which regular deliveries of motor-lorries for the Army are being made, the roads have become disintegrated to an unprecedented degree, and in some cases are absolutely impassable. A friend tells me, for instance, that south-west of Salisbury there is a stretch of about six miles which is simply hopeless, and that there are holes four feet deep in places, in one of which he was stuck the other day, and only got out by damaging his under-shield. Where matters, of course, are as bad as this there is nothing to be done but to avoid the road altogether; but the question to be solved is how to drive with the minimum of jolting and detriment to the car on highways such as the Portsmouth Road between Guildford and Milford. With a full load they are barely endurable at moderate speed; with three passengers the jolting is intensified; with two passengers the car becomes almost unmanageable; while the man who is driving alone can hardly keep on the road at nine miles an hour. The back wheels slip about in the pot-holes, and the front wheels are constantly being lifted from the road. Three methods suggest themselves—not separately, but in conjunction—as partial alleviations, and they involve additional expense. Metal-studded tyres, being harsh and also liable to skid on dry surfaces, should be abandoned in favour of rubber alone; the new tyres should be of the largest size which it is possible to fit to the existing rims, and should be inflated at low pressures; while, thirdly, some form of shock-absorber should be fitted to the back and front springs alike. Incidentally, it is desirable to enjoin the wisdom, under present conditions, of a much closer attention than usual to nuts and bolts all over the car, lest any of them should have worked loose; while the springs should be frequently examined to make sure that there is no crack in any of the leaves.

The Skirting of Towns.

Everyone who has toured abroad will have noticed one characteristic feature of many foreign towns, especially those in which the *octroi* system is in vogue, and that is the frequency with which, on a through journey, there is no necessity to enter the town at all, as there is often an alternative road outside—in many cases, indeed, the main road itself is designed to skirt the town. Now in England this convenience is seldom seen; but a great deal more might be done by local authorities than has ever been done to indicate to motorists on a through journey the most convenient way of avoiding the most congested areas. The best way through any town,

for example, like Kingston, with a central market-place, might usefully be indicated by a series of arrows; the ease with which this can be done is illustrated in the few places where something of the kind is actually in operation. Not only would the road travellers themselves benefit, but also the local traffic would be relieved.



GOD-SPEED FROM THE QUEEN-MOTHER: QUEEN ALEXANDRA TALKING TO A SQUADRON-COMMANDER OF THE R.F.C. RETURNING TO THE FRONT AFTER FIVE DAYS' LEAVE.

town. The fact that this particular arrangement of signs happened to be wrong, however, is only a side-issue; the point which I wish to enforce is that the way of avoiding Windsor town which I had successfully followed on the outward journey, thanks to the road guide, should be indicated by signs at either end, and that these should be provided by the municipal authorities themselves.

Motorists v. Hotel-Keepers.

Sundry cases are recorded by a motoring weekly of unreasonable requests made by motorists to hotel-keepers, with the resultant threats of reporting the latter to the R.A.C. and A.A. The comment is added that "these childish complaints often lead to a first-class hotel being removed from the hotel lists of the associations, who have to obey the dictation of an exacting membership." This addendum is entirely absurd. Not only is scrupulous care employed in the appointment of hotels, but all complaints receive the most detailed investigation, and no member's *ex*

parte statement is accepted in the off-hand manner described. It is doubtful if a single hotel has suffered in the manner described. Hotel appointments have, of course, occasionally been cancelled, but always on substantial evidence of grievance.



THE QUEEN-MOTHER'S INTEREST IN THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS: QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT FARNBOROUGH WATCHING AN AIRMAN LEAVING FOR THE FRONT.

Queen Alexandra, with Princess Victoria, visited the R.F.C. Headquarters at Farnborough the other day to present to the Corps four new aeroplanes given by various Colonies under a scheme organised by the Overseas Club. Her Majesty is watching an airman, who had just been presented to her, making a circuit of the aerodrome to get his height for the cross-Channel journey to the front.

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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

SOME have a taste for horrors—or rather, thrills. I have shuddered happily over awful stories of Hoffmann, Erckmann-Chatrian, Poë, Barbey d'Aureville, Gogol, and others, but the Grand Guignol efforts sometimes leave me cold. Last week we had "Le Poison Hindou," but the synopsis presented with the programme "gave the show away," for we knew that the guilty lovers had not really been poisoned, and so their squirms and quarrels were merely comic. Very able performances by MM. Chaumont and Gouget. "Sous la Lumière Rouge" is a horrible piece which, if better constructed, would be quite thrilling. Indeed, despite its clumsiness, we waited with slightly crisped nerves to see what would happen when the lover was developing the negative taken by him of his beloved mistress on her death-bed. Still, the subject of premature burial is rather too awful. By-the-bye, if the Germans have stolen from Brussels the Wiertz picture on the subject, and even the rest of his gallery of horrors, I shall not shed a tear. There was excellent acting by MM. Valbray and Guérard. Fortunately, the bill includes "Rosalie," by M. Max Maurey, which is a really funny little farce, and very cleverly played, though Mme. Renée Gardès as the recalcitrant maid has an absurdly extravagant make-up.

In the case of the performance last week of "Henry VIII." at His Majesty's in aid of "King George's Pension Fund for Actors and Actresses," there was no need to make excuses or call up the spirit of charity, for the production was as complete as if the play had been put on for a run; and, as a large number of prominent players had come forward to help, each part was admirably rendered. That Sir Herbert Tree should play Wolsey and Mr. Bouchier King Henry was to be expected, for they were the pillars of the original production; and we had Miss Violet Vanbrugh, too, as the Queen, and the delightful Miss Laura Cowie in the part in which she used to make such a hit. But added to these was Mr. Lewis Waller, a most dignified and admirable Buckingham, together with Mr. Ainley, Mr. Gerald du Maurier, Miss Constance Collier, Miss Marie Löhr and many others, all doing their duty nobly in parts moderate, small, or very small, and none of them being so selfish as to upset the balance of the play. Altogether, it was a most successful afternoon. As the house was crowded, and the King and Queen honoured the occasion by their presence, the fund had every reason to congratulate itself on the result.

Mr. Keble Howard's ingenious and clever little farcical comedy, "The Green Flag," moved to the Criterion last week, where we may heartily wish it a prosperous run. No change, so far as could be

noticed, had happened in the cast. Mr. Bouchier has settled down to the congenial part of Sir Hugh Brandreth, the K.C. with the remarkable suite of chambers so admirably adapted to the requirements of the farcical scene which requires four doors and a bedroom; his performance is delightfully rich in easy and jovial humour. Miss Constance Collier, too, has found a part which suits her well, though it is rather different from the things she is accustomed to do; and Miss Lilian Braithwaite, Miss Kyrle Bellw, and Miss Pearl Keats all contribute to the success of an enjoyable little play. As a curtain-raiser "The Dramatist at Home" still keeps its place, written by Mr. Howard and played cleverly by himself and Miss Pearl Keats.

"Enterprising Helen" is one of the plays which cause the critic to wonder how they came to be written. One cannot guess what idea "Francis Coutts" started with or what he is driving at, except, generally, that he seeks to show how brilliant, fascinating, amiable and virtuous a queen of musical comedy may be; and, of course, we all knew already that these queens are virtuous, amiable, fascinating, and brilliant. Helen, the particular—not, perhaps, a very particular—queen, is not exactly enterprising. There is no great enterprise in the whole work, except by a Lady Dollary, who, for very little reason, plots most clumsily to cause trouble between a dramatist and his silly young wife. And they all talked—ye gods, how copiously they talked! And what talk! All the clichés of journalism, the theatre, and the third-rate theatre seem to have been gathered and distributed impartially: even a Portuguese financier laded out stale flowers of English speech, and, strange to say, without a trace of foreign accent. However, the audience got some fun out of the piece, chiefly by the somewhat obvious humours of Mr. Lennox Pawle, most generously uncoquettish and full of queer squeaks and grunts in his incredible picture of a City knight. Also, there was a good deal of laughter during some of the serious scenes, which many of the sophisticated first-night audience refused to receive in the spirit in which they were written. An agreeable, sincere piece of acting by Miss Mary Clare, rather overweighted by the part of Helen, and work of some merit by Miss Jessie Winter and Miss Gladys Mason; but poor Mr. Ben Webster and Mr. Herbert Waring had hopeless tasks.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Ninety (April 7 to June 30, 1915) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.



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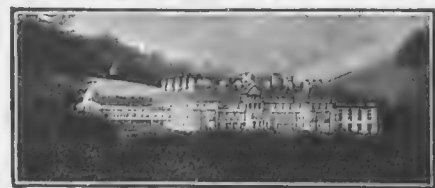
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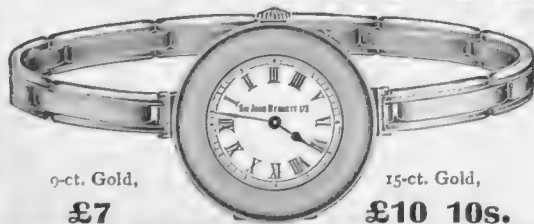
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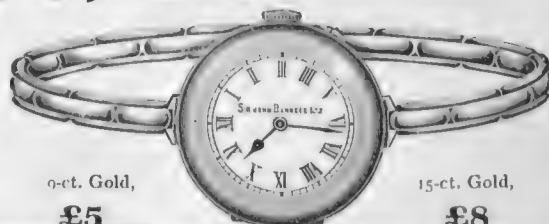
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CONTRASTS IN TWO RECENT CLEVER NOVELS.

"The House of Many Mirrors."
BY VIOLET HUNT.
(Stanley Paul.)

Well, for once at least Miss Violet has given her distinguished talent an orgy of the painful! Cancer might seem enough, but there had to be a train of subtle, agonising, mental or emotional complications—elusive as air, perhaps, but dangerous as the gases of an overcharged balloon. Miss Hunt must take it as a tribute when her deeply grieved reader, treading this pilgrimage of pain, stumbles along with a distinct feeling of irritation. It is Miss Hunt's chief intention to seize the ironies, the futilities, the temperamental difficulties which we fling into the *pot au feu* of our existence and dignify by the name of life. They must always arouse irritation, and yet her Rosamund's *chic* is so adorably compelling that Rosamund's husband will lose the sympathy of every man—and, still stranger, every woman—when he reaches "the nadir of all loving emotions towards his wife." Like all clever psychology, "The House of Many Mirrors" will bear a deal of talking about, and provoke many an argument in those who read. It is extraordinarily good, in these times when the novel is no more what it was as a form of literary expression—startlingly so. And nowhere is it more clearly marked as realistic work than in its moments of incredibility. A subtle sign of the talent that has produced it.

"Cicely in Ceylon."
BY MAJOR F. A. SYMONS.
(Lynwood)

By all means let us have Ceylon and Cicely, and the waltz of "A Thousand Kisses," and the inevitable game of "old bachelor" that must be played by a party of three marriageable men and two marriageable women. Major Symons, knowing a great deal about Ceylon and just a very little about the hearts of men and women, has made a book about a perfect holiday spent motoring, picnicking, and dancing in the island which exists in the English mind as an adjective for tea. Cicely was beautiful, girlish, and saucy; Margaret was womanly and desirable; there is the deprecating, silently adoring lover and the equally familiar ardent, voluble lover for Cicely; while the third man, a middle-aged, prosperous planter, falls to Margaret. The various *dénouements* are retarded even in that exquisite climate till the party sets its face homewards. Then the flippancy, the "flirtiness," drop away, couples are seen hand linked in hand, the lovelight shines, the "old bachelor" is youthfully generous after one bitter moment, and among a shower of really nice platitudes suitable to the occasion Ceylon is bidden farewell. But Major Symons knows his Ceylon, and it is not bookish knowledge either.

OUR KIRCHNER SUPPLEMENT.

OUR readers will welcome the dainty painting, "The First Cigarette of the Day," by Mr. Raphaël Kirchner, which forms the Coloured Supplement to this Number. Mr. Kirchner's dreams of fair women prove him to be a veritable poet of the brush, and the popularity of his delicate colouring and faultless drawing is universal. Officers in the trenches, it will be remembered, sent us congratulations upon the humour and charm of his drawing, "A Duck's Egg"; and the "Rosalba," "A Feather in Her Cap," and "The Shoe Lace," which we gave recently, were equally admired. The same exquisite sense of colour and delicacy of line are conspicuous in our present Supplement, and our readers will be glad to know that we have arranged for the exclusive use of other of Mr. Kirchner's paintings in *The Sketch*.

Interest in all things Japanese has been greatly stimulated by our Eastern Ally's participation in the war, but long before that we were interested in Japanese art. A notable new book on one phase of it is Mr. Arthur Davison Ficke's "Chats on Japanese Prints," recently added to Mr. Fisher Unwin's well-known series of Books for Collectors. It is illustrated with over fifty reproductions in black-and-white and a frontispiece in colour—"The Bow-Moon," by Hiroshige. With a few exceptions in the shape of landscapes, most of the other plates are figure-subjects—actors, courtesans, and various types of Nippon's feminine beauty, all, by the way, bearing a remarkable family likeness. Japanese art is not photographic, but symbolic. The story of the development of the Japanese print is told with much charm by the author, and we learn a good deal about Japanese social life, the *demi-monde*, and the stage.

The National League for Physical Education and Improvement has done useful work in holding a Mansion House meeting on the 5th inst., inaugurating a campaign to prevent the spread of epidemics by insects in war-time. Sir Frederick Treves was prevented by illness from presiding, and his place was taken by Bishop Boyd-Carpenter, who pointed out that modern trade facilities had brought the nations very close together and made the transference of infection a terribly easy matter. Dr. Sambon, the well-known authority on tropical diseases, Professor Lefroy, Professor Simpson, and other speakers emphasised the extreme need of such a campaign. Many well-known members of the medical profession are interested in the subject, particulars of which can be obtained by writing to the Secretary, N.L.P.E.I., 4, Tavistock Square, W.C.

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